

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lli, 7.

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SUNDAY SCHOOLS—INDEPENDENCE.

The fourth of July! What an assemblage of pleasing, grand, and sublime ideas does it present, on its return, to the mind of every true hearted American citizen. That day is set apart by the universal consent—the approved and long established usage of our countrymen, is an anniversary, to commemorate the most important event in our nation's history. It was that day which gave birth to an independent nation, and liberty to thousands. Hitherto our fathers greeted its earliest dawn upon our land, with a salutary roar of cannon, to arouse a spirit of patriotism like that which nervea the revolutionary soldier—they assembled around the altar of our country's liberty, and kindled the fire, which sent the praise, and triumphant feeling of independence, grateful unto heaven. They recounted the scenes of "days which tried men's souls"—told us how oppressed and borne down by the exactions of the mother country, a few bold and daring spirits staked their all, on the record of their names, their lives, their fortune, and their sacred honor, in behalf of us, their posterity. On that day were we taught the lesson of the invincible valor of our fathers, their privations and their sufferings in war, their success in righteous contest, and the blessings of liberty; until our bosoms palpitated with the joy of patriotic gratitude, and beat high with the love of country and of freedom. Let not the gratitude thus enkindled, cease to burn. Let not the recollections of scenes sacred to liberty, be contaminated, even by sectarian religion.

We are shocked beyond measure, that any, calling themselves Americans, should be willing to descend from the grand council of our nation, who in their majesty and mind, stability and strength, are performing the most hazardous and important deed in our country's deliverance; to the insignificant assembly of a children's Sunday school—should descend from the lofty theme of America's independence, and the equal rights of her sons; to the ignoble plans and prejudices of a sect, or party.

The Sunday school in its first establishment was truly a humane and benevolent institution. In large and populous towns, numerous children of poor parents, are destitute of the means to acquire the art of reading, whereby the mind is amused, expanded and improved; or the simple rudiments of arithmetical calculation, to perform the ordinary business of life. Such were the objects first had in view, in the establishment of a Sunday school. But hardly was the benevolence of the projector beginning to be felt, when, as the enemy sowed tares among the wheat, the would-be lords and spiritual dictators, corrupted the noble design of these institutions, and turned aside the holy charities enlisted, to the promotion of sectarian dogmas, or the unholy strife for a "christian party in politics." Here, in these nurseries of prejudice which creates imaginary barriers and separating walls—and of party which serves to perpetuate jealousies and strife among men, the mind is burdened with all the weight of system, and enslaved by the fettering inconsistencies of creeds.

There must be but one mode of thinking, and that is the modern, or Arminianized Calvinism.

When a Sunday school is formed in connexion with the American Sunday School Union; it must adopt the doctrines and discipline of the "Union," or it must be discarded and discountenanced by them, as much as though they adhered to the primitive design of teaching the rudiments of learning. While the incipient operations of forming a school are going on, our neighborhood is scoured by some petty teacher, or agent, and ourselves, or our wives, *in our absence* are beset, to send our children to the Sunday school. Fair pretences of liberality and good-feeling are held forth. They would fain make us believe that their object was worthy, their design noble, their principles republican, their institution charitable, and its effects moral and religious over the rising generation.

But what privilege can we, or our children enjoy, in this professed American, and would-be national institution? Can the Episcopalian be permitted to teach, or require that his children should be taught, in the 39 Articles, and peculiarities of Episcopacy? Can the Baptist insist on the absolute necessity of immersion? Can the Unitarian present and inculcate the doctrine of the unity of God in one person? Or can the Universalist furnish his children with books teaching the salvation of the universal family of sinners, for whom "Christ tasted death" and "gave himself a ransom?" Nay—none of them! What privilege, then, can they enjoy? If we submit at all, to this artful guile, and deceptive practice—our children enjoy the blessed privilege of becoming slaves to sectarianism! In their weakness, they must swallow down without resistance, a nauseous creed, which poisons the liberal, and pleasant, and kind feelings of childhood; and forever weakens their intellectual energies. For it is a fact, that the observation of every enlightened mind will abundantly confirm, that in a majority of cases, children will imbibe all the prejudices and bitter feelings of sectarianism against names, before they understand a distinction of doctrines; and even before they learn the fundamental principles of the religion of Christ. Nor dare they afterwards call in question the correctness of the religious theory in which they have been taught, or inquire into more extended and benevolent views; for fear of censure from their teacher, or neglect of courtesy from those whom they esteem as great, and good, and popular; or, perhaps, upon the pains of eternal damnation.

The American Sunday School, say what they will of its character, has not a whit of republicanism in its principles, nor of liberal and enlightened national policy in its management.—It is a sectarian institution, managed for the petty purposes of party. In the Declaration of Independence, the principle of universal equality is recognized. In the fundamental principles of our government, no preference is given to any religious denomination, but all are alike privileged. Not so, but the reverse, is the Sunday School Union. The Sunday school scholar, under the present mode of teaching, loses sight of this republican equality among children; and they are indulged, if not encouraged, to look upon themselves as better than the children of those parents who cannot conscientiously support the American Sunday school; and like a set of little pharisees, they will sep-

arate themselves from the children of the same neighborhood, or attending the same district school, in their plays and recreations. They will give a *preference* to a scholar of the American Sunday school, to the scholar of any other Sunday school. And what is worst of all, is, that some of these little artificial *Pieties*, even reproach their *non-professing* parents, as the abandoned reprobates of God; and it is even heralded abroad in the prints, as being very wise and pretty!!

Yet the managers of this institution, thus sectarian in its character, exclusive in its privileges, and anti-republican in its principles, are endeavoring to bring it forward before the public as a national concern; in its present character intrinsically excellent! They would fain appropriate to their own exclusive sectarian use, the annual, irrepressible burst of a nation's gratitude, at the recollection of those deeds of bravery and toil, which lifted high America, and secured peace and freedom to her sons. Seemingly, they would obliterate the remembrance of that pledge, of "lives, and fortune, and honor," which was the first grand move to the rich legacy of liberty and independence to us their children; and the subsequent privations and sufferings endured, to free us from the tyranny of ecclesiastical exactions, and to secure us the privilege of thinking ourselves, not inferior to others, nor obliged to pay deference, nor give preference to any denomination.

But, how much do we, as a nation, owe for our national glory and character, to a Sunday school—where little children learn *catechisms*, and read *tracts*? Where is the man that has so far degenerated and sunk, and is so corrupted in his principles, as willingly to forget the blood, and toil, and sacrifice of our revolutionary worthies; and like the idolator who has forsaken God, bow at the shrine of a Sunday school on the 4th of July, and say to his children these be the instruments which brought you up out of the land of bondage!!!

In the year '76 and onward, every high-souled and virtuous American, exulted in rapture on the return of the Nation's Anniversary. They could fearlessly express by set and volunteer toasts, their pride of national distinction, and the inestimable blessings they enjoyed. There were, however, among them, a few dastardly and unmanly spirits, hostile to republicanism, who could murmur at their freedom of speech, and repine at the proud sentiments of liberty expressed. Americans! look around you. Have you none, yet among you, who would either divert your mind from your independence, or ridicule your festivities and triumph, by a mock celebration? Whoever can forget the Declaration of Independence—lose sight of the birthday of our freedom, and feel no national pride on its return: is ready to become the vassal and willing dupe of a religious hierarchy.

Shall we, then, who are Americans, on the 4th of July, countenance and join in the ridiculous mockery, and almost wicked perversion, of that glorious anniversary, by childishly celebrating the *little children's* Sunday school? We have no objection that little children, nor grown children, should annually celebrate their Sunday school. But we have serious objections, to making this innovation upon the established

customs and policy of our government; and turning the glow of national feeling upon objects never intended. If there is no impropriety in celebrating a *Sunday school* on any day of the week; why not take the period of its commencement, or the birth, or death, of its founder? But let not our independence be perverted by ecclesiastical aspirants, and the proud domineering of religious dictators.

In conclusion, let us remark, we may, view this subject in a different light from many of our fellow citizens. We may estimate as less intrinsically important, the various sectarian plans adopted, and priestly schemes which have been formed. We claim, however, what others desire, and what we are disposed to give—the free exercise and expression of opinion, and the right of private judgment.

We do not pretend to be “a prophet, nor the son of a prophet.” But our *opinion is*, that whoever is allotted, by Divine Providence, to write the history of our country, and to record the tragical dissolution of our free institutions, will have to posterity, a concatenation of professedly religious circumstances, and boasted benevolent societies, which have alike been feared and fostered, applauded and condemned. And among them, the AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION will stand recorded in flaming capitals, as the vampyre, which, while it embraced, gorged upon the life-blood of liberty!

We think we have formed our opinion, as other people pretend to have formed theirs on such subjects—by comparing what has been, with what *is*, and reasoning as to the probable future.—*Herald and Watchman.*

TRUTH.

The worth of truth is acknowledged by all men. Jesus said to Pilate, “To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth.”—This shows in what estimation the truth was held by the founder of the christian religion.—Both the founders and votaries of all other religions have always professed to hold the truth in the highest possible estimation. Among the varying and conflicting denominations, which constitute the whole christian world, there is not one that would allow that any other esteemed truth more highly than itself. All profess to be seekers after truth. They all declare, that they would either be deceived, or deceive others.

Astronomers and philosophers search into nature and into nature's laws for the sole purpose of finding out what is truth. Every science is pursued, by every means which promises success, for the purpose of obtaining this invaluable treasure.

Why do all men thus esteem truth? Is it not because they all believe that the knowledge of it will yield them more real enjoyment than they can obtain without it? It seems certain that all will answer this question in the affirmative. Ask the studious divine if he is in search of truth, and he will answer in the affirmative. Ask him again if he believes that the discovery of truth would give him satisfaction, and he will answer in the affirmative. Ask the astronomer whether he expects to derive pleasure from the discoveries which he is endeavoring to make, should he succeed, and you have the same answer. Ask the same question of the philosopher, and he will assure you that as every discovery which he has made, has yielded him an abundance of enjoyment, he has no doubt that further discoveries will be attended with the same consequences. And we may add, that all truth, at which men arrive by scientific researches, is sure to yield them the same anticipated reward.

In relation to astronomy, philosophy, and all other sciences men exhibit no inconsistency with what is above stated; but in the matters of religion they come at results entirely inconsistent with all their pretensions, and which conflict with every discovery ever made in the natural world.

The sage divine, deep in learning, and profound in study, has discovered truths, in relation to man's future existence, which fill his soul with chilling horror, and impress on his mind a weight of concern which renders him gloomy, melancholy, and most wretched. His concern is not alone for his own safety, but also for the safety of those around him, whom he loves, and for the world at large, who are, in his belief, exposed to a state of indescribable misery, which will never end. Yet this very divine will tell us that in believing and knowing the truth, there is great satisfaction and enjoyment! Nor does his inconsistency terminate here; for there seems to be nothing in which he is so much engaged as in communicating his fearful apprehensions, his gloom and melancholy to others around him, so as to render them as unhappy as himself. Yet all the time professes to believe that nothing can so much contribute to our felicity as a knowledge of, and a confident reliance on the truth!

Have we not some reason to doubt the purity of a religion, which teaches us to believe that, which in room of yielding us comfort, is sure to render us unhappy, and even wretched? If we reason from nature and its laws; of divine Providence and the goodness therein manifested, can we believe that the author of our existence has so ordered what concerns us that a knowledge of it would render us miserable?

There is not only reason to doubt the correctness of such religion, but also the truth of any pretended philosophy which necessarily results in like unhappy consequences. The unbeliever in the christian hope professes to be guided by a philosophy, which is better entitled to our confidence than are the evidences of the christian religion. But the great and most important question relative to the subject, seems by him to have been forgotten. Does his philosophy teach us the knowledge of a truth which administers more enjoyment, more comfort and satisfaction than is embraced in the hope of immortality and eternal life? Present the two objects before him; give him time to consider, to reflect, and let him make his choice. Here, on the one hand, is presented the hope of immortality beyond the grave, in which state the holiness of God, which was manifested in the doctrine and life of Jesus, will constitute the character of man and his endless happiness.—On the other, the eternal sleep of death, the darkness and silence of non-existence. Which will be chosen? He must choose that which the gospel he opposes teaches; and he must refuse that to which his pretended philosophy brings him. Yet so strangely inconsistent will he be as to pretend to be in search of truth, and that he has no doubt but the truth will administer enjoyment and comfort, whenever it is discovered! Nor does the inconsistency of this philosopher end in the absurdity just mentioned; for he is deeply engaged, in what he thinks is a laudable enterprise, designed to overthrow, in the minds of others, that blessed hope for which he himself would give the whole world, if he possessed it!

We have much reason to believe that very many, who profess to be learned and wise, would think and act very differently from what they now do, if they could have moral courage enough to mortify their pride of opinion, by being consistent with what little truth they already know.—*Trumpet and Magazine.*

REVIVAL TRACTS.

By reference to No. 32 of the present volume of the Messenger, it will be seen we published entire, Tract No. 6 of the Revival Tract Society. The closing article of that tract is a story from the Editor of the Western Recorder, under the head, “The consistent Universalist.” It is unnecessary to repeat it here, as the reader can turn to it. The following article from the Magazine and Advocate is in reference to it. It would seem that the editors of the Magazine must have been the two Universalist Clergymen alluded to. The detail of circumstances, with their unqualified denial of the main features of the Tract narrative, shows conclusively, the disgraceful shifts to which those are put, who have not argument with which to sustain themselves. Will the Revival Tract Society be as ready to lay the counter statement before the world, as they were to circulate the story? We know not. And what must be the reflections of men who thus steal “the very of heaven” to cloak such foul and abusive slanders towards their fellow men.

P.

SLANDEROUS FALSEHOOD AGAIN.

Br. SKINNER and GROSH.—The time has been when professed teachers of religion did not appear to feel any accountability for their misrepresentations or false statements; but as those whirlwinds, with which we have been visited have in some degree passed away in this country, it should be expected that clergymen in good standing will again be held morally responsible to the public for the truth of their statements upon the subject of religion. I therefore send you the enclosed affidavit of Dr. Clark, containing a statement made by Rev. Mr. Hoyt, as he passed through this village a short time since, on a journey to the East. After the report had become pretty general, and the inquiry began to be made whether it was before or after Mr. Skinner preached here, that he “dare not preach his doubts upon the subject of eternal misery notwithstanding the doctrine might be true,” I went to Esq. Bailey and asked him if Mr. Hoyt reported the story then in circulation. He told me he *did so*. I then asked him to give me a written statement of what Mr. Hoyt said—he said he would think of the subject until the next day, and presumed he should have no objections. I called the day following, and he informed me that he had concluded not to comply with my request, for the reason that the statement was made to himself and Rev. H. S. Johnson (the Presbyterian minister in this town), and he did not wish to draw him before the public—that he expected him to return soon, and if he chose he could make a statement himself. I replied he had made the statement, and I thought stated what he *knew to be untrue*—that I wished to send his statement in the form of an affidavit, to Messrs. Skinner and Grosh, with a request if it was true, to admit it publicly; if not, give them an opportunity of charging the falsehood upon Mr. Hoyt. He then informed me that Mr. Hoyt *could not be mistaken*; for he gave the particulars, and said he was invited by Dr. Lansing to preside at the sessions, and in the course of the meeting he requested some of them who wished to join the church to come forward and give their relation—that a man came forward and said he had been a Universalist, &c.—that Mr. Hastings sat by and said that was too good to keep, and must be published—that Mr. H. was a respectable minister, brother to the Editor of the Western Recorder, and Corresponding Secretary of the Western Education Society at Auburn, and as to truth and veracity, he stood beyond the power of contradiction. As I do not know that he has any business to the East but to report this wonderful story, the “good of the cause” in which he is engaged may require his return some other way. I therefore send you his

story, as reported by Esq. Bailey, with the hope that if you dare not preach your doubts on the subject of endless misery, you will have the courage to teach that "all liars shall have their part in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone," even if they should happen to be Presbyterian Clergymen. Yours truly,

MINOT JENISON.

Canton, St. Lawrence county, August 7, 1833

AFFIDAVITS.

Darius Clark, of Canton, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., physician, being duly sworn, deposes and says, that, sometime during the present month of July, this deponent had a conversation with Jeremiah Bailey, Esq. attorney at law, and a member of the Presbyterian church in the town of Canton in which the said Bailey declared to the deponent, as nearly as he can remember, that the Rev. Otto Hoyt, a Presbyterian clergyman, told the said Bailey that in a religious meeting at Utica, at which the said Hoyt was called to preside, a young man declared openly in the said meeting, that he, having formerly been a firm believer in the doctrine of universal salvation, and having become weary of life, resolved to commit suicide and thus go to heaven—that before putting his determination into execution he sent for Rev. Messrs. Skinner and Grosh of Utica, and in their presence declared his determination, and also produced a pair of pistols with which he intended to terminate his existence—that Messrs. Skinner and Grosh advised him to desist, alleging as a reason, that there might be some doubt about there being no eternal punishment in a future world—that the young man then expressed much surprise, and inquired their reasons for not telling him before, their doubts upon the subject; and they replied, that it would not do to preach their doubts—that the young man became immediately convinced of his error, and became soon after a member of the Presbyterian church in Utica.

DARIUS CLARK.

Subscribed and sworn before me, this seventh day of August, 1833. MINOT JENISON.

Judge of St. Lawrence county Courts.

Parker Boynton, being duly sworn, says, that his store is next door to Esq. Bailey's office—that he has heard him relate the statement (in substance, in the above affidavit of Dr. Clark's) made by Rev. Otto Hoyt, and that he believes he made it a subject of common conversation from the time Mr. Hoyt was here until Mr. Jenison requested him to give a written statement of said conversation.

PARKER BOYNTON.

Subscribed and sworn before me this seventh day of August, 1833. MINOT JENISON.

Judge of St. Lawrence county Courts.

REMARKS.

The above story has reached us, in substance, from all points of the compass, and times almost without number. We have twice before now alluded to it, and solemnly and positively denied its truth. (See Vol. II. Magazine and Advocate, pages 133 and 399.) There was an attempt at suicide in this city some two and a half years since—we saw the young man incidentally at the time, (though not by his invitation,) and probably prevented him from committing suicide: but no such conversation as that related above ever took place between him and us, or any thing in the least resembling it. Moreover, the young man was never a member of any Universalist society, nor (so far as we could learn) did he ever even believe in the doctrine. About a year subsequent to that time he united with Dr. Lansing's church in this city; and nothing was ever heard about any such conversation till after his union with Dr. L.'s church. Since he joined said church he has been guilty of crimes punishable by confine-

ment in the state prison, and has fled to parts unknown.

In view of these facts, well known to the people of this city, if our solemn declaration before God and the world, repeatedly made and published in the very place where the transaction was said to have occurred, will not be taken by community in preference to a *vague report*, said to have originated a year after the transaction with a man of the polluted character which this young man is known to sustain, then community are welcome to their credulity, we shall not trouble ourselves further about the affair. But we would admonish the retailers of the above slanderous report that "all liars shall not merely *may*, but *positively shall* have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

As to the doctrine of *endless misery*, we have neither of us had, since we commenced preaching, any more doubts of its *absolute falsity*, than we have of the falsity of *Mahomed's Alcoran* or the *religion of Hindoos*.

DOLPHUS SKINNER.
A. B. GROSH.

UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE.

Grateful as every advance in knowledge and virtue must be to the intelligent and philanthropic mind; glorious and happy as are the results of these improvements; yet, the benevolent heart asks with serious and anxious concern whether these blessings are always to be as limited as they are at present, and the majority of the world remain benighted and hopeless?

In answer to this question, the believer in the truth of the Christian Scriptures finds declarations the most important and interesting. He is favored with views of the progress of the human mind far more glorious and delightful, than all that ever yet blest the eye, (we had almost said, *the thoughts*) of the benevolent and philanthropic. He finds that knowledge is destined to become universally prevalent, and that Almighty God, the fountain of reason and truth, is pledged to accomplish the work.

Our Lord, in one of his conversations with the Jews, refers to the prophets, and quotes from them a sublime and cheering prophecy on this subject. He said, "It is written in the Prophets, And they shall be all taught of God." This prophecy is sublime and cheering, because it represents, that intelligent beings will be filled with intelligence; the vast universe of man, so long benighted, faithless, idolatrous or vicious, will be endowed with *divine knowledge*; a knowledge which is conducive to the faith, virtue, peace, hope and happiness of the world.

It is a mark of infatuated ignorance, or of extreme weakness, to suppose or maintain, that mankind thus instructed, will wander from the fold of God and Christ, into the devious paths of infidelity and sin. Shall we say, that "God may teach, but man is free to reject." If we speak thus, we utter absurdity and nonsense.—When God teaches men the *truth*, they are free to believe, but not to disbelieve. When he teaches them *virtue*, they are free to admire and seek it, not to hate and avoid it. If any man disbelieves, he gives evidence that he is *not* taught; if he does not admire and seek virtue, he shews that he does not understand its nature and consequences.

Take notice, what our Lord says will become of "all" after they have been "taught of God." Does he say, they will stray from him, rebel against divine authority, be reprobates and outcasts from God and heaven? No such thing. He immediately adds, "Every man therefore, that hath heard and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me. (John vi, 45.) The doctrine, therefore, is, that "they shall be all taught of God," and that as fast as they are taught, they come to Christ.

If the progress of knowledge, faith and vir-

tue, was not directed by a wise, overruling power and providence, we might well doubt whether they would ever advance so as to become universal, and bring all into the kingdom of Christ. But when we rely on a God of infinite power, and unerring foreknowledge, who sees the end from the beginning; every doubt and misgiving of the mind is overcome, and our confidence established on a firm foundation. If any *wish* to doubt, and be troubled with endless misgivings, let them loose sight of the great truth, that God governs his intelligent creation. Let them conclude that men are left to manage their own concerns, by the aid of finite wisdom; and that when human wisdom fails, nothing but chance can bring them to that state of excellence, which has been so long and so plainly foretold. When such thoughts are cherished, they will unavoidably be filled with doubts and fears.—*Christian Pilot.*

INFORMATION.

At the last session of the Hudson River Association a resolution was passed appointing a committee "to ascertain the societies which are within the limits of this Association, the names of all the officers, and the number of persons belonging to such societies; and publish them." In compliance with a request of the chairman of this committee, to furnish such information as I might be able to collect in relation to the subject, I give the following statement, received from the clerk of the society in Amsterdam:

The First Universalist Society in Amsterdam was organized in 1831; at that time, I think, only twenty-two members set their names to the constitution. Since then it has had a gradual increase, and now numbers thirty-seven members. Besides these, there are many warm friends of the cause residing in this vicinity, who have subscribed the constitution. The officers of the society consist of three trustees and a clerk. M. J. Bovre, J. Sanders and E. Dean are the present trustees. Joseph Martin Clerk.

We presume it will not be considered officious, if we drop a few hints in relation to another duty of the chairman of this committee. By the resolution already referred to, he was required to urge each society within the limits of this Association to send delegates to its next meeting. It should be remembered that the time is now at hand. The association will hold its next session on the second Wednesday and Thursday (11th and 12th) of September, at Eaton's corners, in Duanesburg, Schenectady county. And it is to be hoped that all the societies within its limits will evince, by their promptness in sending delegates, their unwillingness to have "the priests bear rule," and the deep interest they feel in the cause of a world's salvation.—*Gospel Anchor.*

SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION.

The South Carolina Convention will meet at Bethancourt Meeting House, Laurens District, S. C. the 4th Sunday in October ensuing. We copy the following resolution from the proceedings of the convention last year, as expressive of the wishes of our southern brethren. We hope the notice may be general, and that the hands of our friends who assemble there may be strengthened by the presence of as many ministering and lay brethren as can possibly make it convenient to attend.

Resolved, That as we have no paper in this vicinity devoted to our cause, it is highly desirable that the publishers of all our periodicals whose works are circulated in this and the adjoining States, should [not only insert the proceedings of this body, but] publish a notice of the meeting of this Convention six weeks, at least, before the time of its session, that the friends to our cause may have seasonable information of the time and place of its meeting.

Original.

THE DEPARTED.

It is a solemn thing to see the young, the lovely, and the innocent, the gifted and the gay, passing away from us into the boundless depths of eternity—fading forever from our gaze, like the bright visions of a dream, or the vapory mists of morning. To see those, who, with the eye of warm and pure affection, we have watched from years of earliest infancy—the friend, the parent, or a child, seized by the strong grasp of death, and hurried into eternity—to see their lifeless forms become the tenants of the grave, with the cold, damp clouds of the valley, pressing heavily upon their bosoms, to return to earth, fair, beautiful earth, to gladden our hearts with their presence, no more!

I have seen the flowers of the field yield their first blush to the blighting breath of the destroying blast, and wither away and die, and I have seen the bright hopes of youth, breathed forth when the heart was all joy and gladness, prostrated by unforeseen and unexpected misfortune. Like the fragrant flower of the morning, I have seen the helpless infant sink into the remorseless arms of death, and youth, like the gentle hopes of their own happy time, become, too, the inmates of the place assigned for all living.

Alas! 'tis ever thus—the bright and the beautiful, the young and the aged, the bond and the free, and friend and foe, must share a common lot! and after the few short years of their earthly journey, pass away to that far-off realm, where

"Foot of mortal ne'er hath trod!"

And yet the world goes on as before—no change in that, the busy, bustling scene is still the same; new flowers spring up to spread their fragrance on the gale and enliven the face of earth; other babes will feel a mother's care, and share the deep affection of a mother's heart. And the hopes of youth are green and beautiful as ever; but the departed—they, alas, are forgotten, or remembered only as the lingering vestige of some broken dream, as something that is gone, that can return to us no more forever!

Memory will sometimes carry us back to other scenes and other days, and the greenest spots that are scattered o'er its pages will come up first, and we will people them with the bright beings who once danced in their sunbeams; but the dark and heavy ones, across which the storm and cloud have swept their raven wings, we love not to muse on, for the mind is prone to reject all that brings with it deep and solemn reflection. We do not naturally, feel a desire to think of those who are no more with us and who can never again return. Thoughts of the living scene before us crowd in and chase away each memory of those that are gone. But yet, despite of effort to dissipate the remembrance of the departed, memory will bring them often before us, like clouds on a fair summer day.

The smile that was dancing o'er every feature is chased away, and hushed is the jocund laugh that was bursting in wild hilarity from the lips. In the still and solemn silence of the midnight hour, when the twinkling stars have commenced their vigils in the high heavens, in dreams they will revisit us, and bring back the joys and the innumerable sorrows that were buried with them in the grave!

To the cold and cheerless believer in endless misery, how dread must be remembrance, when it serves to recall from the past the memory of some dear friend, a parent, brother, sister, child, or perhaps wife, whose forms have descended into the deep bosom of earth, but whose souls, that image of Deity which survives the wreck of matter, have gone, alas! he knows not whither—to the blessed life that is

immortal, where the heart flutters with joy in the resplendent presence of its Maker, or to the dark and horrible HELL, his peace-destroying creed has placed beyond the confines of time! Oh! to him, how dreadful must it be, when apart from the noise, the bustle, and confusion of the world, he thinks of those who were near and dear to him, whom death has removed to another sphere—of the beloved wife who has lain upon his bosom, the babe who had just begun to lisp his name—an aged father, or kind and affectionate mother. What, if the thought intrude upon his mind that one of these may be denied the saving grace of Jehovah, and doomed to that sea of liquid fire which partialism supposes to exist as the reward of those who have "sinned away their day of grace," and which endures throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity, (and to be consistent with the doctrine he professes to believe, such must be the fate of *at least one* of the number named)—what if he fancy the best beloved of all, the suffering inhabitant of such a place—what if in a dream, the forms of his wife or child, parent or friend, be disclosed to his view, now tossed upon the surface of the flaming billows, now sinking deep into the hot vortex of the flames, with limbs quivering, features agonized and distorted with pain and anguish, burning still, yet never consumed!! Oh! horror of horrors!—let me draw the curtain o'er a dream like this, when, if Partialism be true, it must be *reality*!

But, blessed be the name of God, the believer in His immeasurable and efficient grace has a full and perfect assurance that He will "gather together in one, all things in Christ both which are in heaven, and which are on earth;" that He "will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth;" and that He has both the *power* and the *will* to effect his merciful and benevolent purpose. On the smooth and downy bed surrounded by every comfort, or upon the rugged pallet of straw in the humble cottage, he can lay him down calm, peaceful, and serene. No anguished thought of the departed will arise to disturb his rest; or, if upon the wings of night some visions of the dead come floating on, they will all be fair, all happy. The forms of the loved and cherished will appear to his ravished senses clothed in robes of light, with the crowns of imperishable glory shining on their brows. While the happy alleluia is bursting in joyous numbers from their lips, his heart beats high with delight; his own glad voice attunes to theirs; his arms ope wide to clasp the dear ones to his bosom—and *** he awakes—refreshed he arises, and with willing and delighted hands, performs the various vocations allotted him on earth.

These are some of the innumerable blessings which must ever flow from a sincere belief in the doctrine of Universal Salvation; and may the time not be far distant when they will be extended and experienced throughout every portion of God's creation!

J. P.

Phila. Aug. 24, 1833.

PLEASURES OF GOODNESS.

That man is blest in his deed. James 1, 25.

It is to be lamented, as a very injurious and pernicious fact, originating mostly in the false impressions made on the mind by the doctrines of partial creeds, that the Christian religion and the practice of goodness, are supposed to be intended more for the glory of God, than the good of man; more especially to affect the future than the present state. But I suppose, and the scriptures warrant me in stating, that in which the experience of every virtuous man will bear me out, that he that doeth good "is blest in his deed;" and that the practice of virtue is amply rewarded in this world, by its pleasures and its benefits. Some reader may

be startled at the idea that the rewards of goodness are limited to the state in which the deed is performed; and suppose that it does not hold out sufficient inducement to do good. But let it be remembered that every good man is completely satisfied to eat the fruit of his doings, even here; and that he that will not do good, but with a view to futurity, acts not from principles of goodness and deserves no reward in any state. I have no notion that a man can be either hired or driven to do good: It is a sense and love of right that controls the good man's conduct, and gives a moral cast to his character. Take away from him entirely, the hope of reward or the fear of punishment, and even the idea of another life; and he remains the same; while in the bad man there is necessary a change of principle, a change of feeling, that neither hope nor fear can produce. Yet the reward of the good man is great; and it is much greater, from the fact that his motives are pure, and entirely abstract from the mercenary hope of reward. The miscreant that does no more good than he fancies necessary to please his God and secure his own happiness, may boast like a Pharisee, but cannot be blest or happy in his deed.

But through his family circle, the really good man spreads joy and gladness, and gives to friendship a relish that endears him to those with whom he is connected in life. The sphere in which he moves is benefitted by his example and liberality. His sympathetic heart bleeds for the miseries of others; his charitable feelings prompt him to action; and if his purse afford not the means to relieve the wants of the needy, he has always the word of consolation and the tear of sympathy to meliorate the pang of woe. The destitute and defenceless widow, the helpless orphan, the houseless wanderer, the child of sorrow, the deluded victim of vice, wherever he may find them, share in his good offices, and find in him, a friend, protector, and adviser. When benevolence and humanity call, his philanthropy dictates obedience, points out the part he is to act; and he moves with alacrity and delight, without a mercenary motive. He lives not for himself alone; He lives for God and his fellow man: It never enters his mind to calculate the probable reward as a stimulus to action: His good works are the spontaneous fruits of good feelings: He acts promptly; and the object is the good of others.

Think you that the happiness of his own beloved family affords him no pleasure? That the blessing of friends and associates have no joys for him? Do not the smile of affection, the tear of gratitude, and the happiness he inspires, thrill through his very soul with ecstacies of delight, and beget sensations that stamp life with its highest value? Who would not live for this? Who would not devote his whole existence, his every power and faculty of a work thus noble thus blest? I answer no one would hesitate thus to live, thus to act, but the hypocritical pretender who labors only for a reward—a sordid wretch, destitute of every generous sympathy: who never gave a shilling for the relief of destitute poverty, without adding it to the sum he pays for heaven. He never knew, and until his feelings and character have been changed, cannot know what it is for the good man to "be blest in his deed."

THE EFFECT OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

I have often thought that the worst and wildest of men, under proper influences, might have been the most virtuous and delightful. The same wind which uproots the tree and desolates the harvest, when softened into the breath of summer, and lingering among the tremulous strings of the Aeolian harp, steals across the senses in the most ravishing melody.—N.Y. Mir.

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

EDITED BY T. J. SAWYER AND P. PRICE, NEW-YORK,
AND ABEL C. THOMAS, PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1833.

FIVE CHAPTERS ON PARTIALISM.

CHAPTER V.

We shall have little difficulty in ascertaining the cause of Deacon Comfort's strong emotions, if we keep in view the circumstances of the case. From infancy to the years of manhood, he had been carefully instructed in the doctrinal principles of pure Calvinism; and dear to him as "the apple of his eye," were the consolations afforded by his unwavering belief in the discriminating grace of election. He felt that, in building his hopes of salvation on the sovereignty of God, he had built on a Rock. — He considered uncertainty in the Divine government, as a virtual denial of the Divine existence. The doctrine of Arminianism was, in his apprehension a system of chance—a system which suspended the realities of eternity on the wayward fancies of the human will, and that, as such, it was *Atheism in disguise*—or, at the best, a God-dishonoring, man-tormenting doctrine.

These were Deacon Comfort's sincere and solemn convictions. They had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. They were confirmed by "The Morning Sermon"—(if indeed we can properly say of established opinions, that they have been confirmed) The sentiments of Parson Jenkins, and the quotations from "Owen on Redemption," were in perfect accordance with his views and feelings. And he went to the Meeting-house in the afternoon with a joyous heart, expecting to enjoy another "feast of fat things," in the promised proofs of particular election.

Alas! how great was his disappointment! How different the testimony of Parson Jenkins—how different from what it was in the morning! "Corrupted nature's deformed darling," free-will, had taken the place of the sovereignty of God; and instead of the promised proofs of particular election, the Parson had urged the free-agency of man! Language which implied the "general ransom" was used; the people were told, in effect, that God had opened the grave for the dead to come out—that he had given them leave to be saved, if they could, with the assurance that He would not hinder them! Free grace—the easy conditions of the gospel—these and other kindred points of doctrine were insisted on with all the fervor of a "ranting Methodist," in connexion with the declaration, "all may be saved who will." And even Elder Simon Smith who had been condemned in the morning as an emissary of Satan, was in the desk in the afternoon, and took an active part in the services of the occasion!

And what an occasion! *A Revival! a four-days meeting!*—got up by a professed believer in the doctrine of the Confession of Faith concerning the elect, viz. that the "number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished!" And moreover, Parson Jenkins had become one of the "Joabs" of whom he spoke in the forenoon—Joabs who salute the people with "the kisses of free grace, while they stab them under the fifth rib in the heart-blond of faith and all Christian consolation."

In the contemplation of these things, Deacon Comfort plainly perceived that "cursed corrupted nature" had been at work—that the crown had been taken from the Saviour's head—that Zion had become a desolation; he could not restrain his feelings—he wept aloud.

The people who were eye and ear witnesses of the scene, knew not what to think. "What could he mean by saying we are on the confines of universal misrule and moral desolation? And then what strange questions he put to Parson Jenkins! Surely he cannot be in his right mind." While queries of this description were seeking replies in the minds of the people, the Parson addressed them. "Good friends, the Deacon appears to be much agitated. You will much oblige me by retiring from the house. I shall soon succeed in calming his mind, and you will have an opportunity to-morrow to see him at his own house."

In obedience to this request, the people retired from the meeting-house, the Parson alone being left with the Deacon. The latter soon became sufficiently composed to speak with his usual self-command, and looking the former in the eye, he said, "Do you still profess to be a Calvinist?" Is predestination to eternal life a doctrine of the Bible, or is it not? Are "some men and angels *foreordained to everlasting death?*" Do you still believe that Owen on Redemption is worth its weight in gold?"

These questions were asked in a solemn and decided tone of voice. They took the Parson by surprise; and it was not till the Deacon paused as though he would make no further inquiries, that he replied. "Deacon Comfort," said he, "I will explain every thing to your satisfaction—but not now. Let me prevail on you to take a seat with me in my carriage. I will convey you to your family, who no doubt are already apprized of your return. You shall call on me to-morrow, and I will then answer your questions. Meanwhile, as we ride along, you can tell where you have been." "Be it so," said the Deacon.

* * * * *

At an early hour the following morning, Deacon Comfort entered the study of Parson Jenkins, and had scarcely seated himself ere he broached the subject that was nearest his heart. "I feel," said he, "I feel like a pilgrim in a strange land. The heritage of the Lord is overgrown with briars and thorns, and nettles cover the face thereof. The shadow of the great rock in a weary land has been taken away; and the wanderer of this barren waste now seek in vain for the rest that remaineth for the people of God. A Babel has been built on the sandy foundation of the free agency of man! the leopard is required to change his spots, and the Ethiopian his skin; and salvation is now suspended on the uncertainties of chance, the fickle caprices of the human will. Is thy sovereignty, O Father, clean gone forever? and art thou now subject to the will of thy creature man?"

The Parson made no attempt to check the touching expressions of the Deacon's feelings. Indeed he felt the force of what had been said; for he remembered the substance of a conversation that had passed between him and the Deacon, soon after Elder Simon Smith had been located in the neighborhood. But finding that a reply was expected, he said in a soothing manner, "You take this matter too much to heart, Deacon Comfort. I do not perceive any sufficient cause for this excessive feeling."

"Too much to heart?" responded the Deacon; "is it a trifling thing that God should be robbed of his glory, which he will not give to another? that the crown should be taken from the Saviour's head by asserting, *in his name*, that the salvation of man is a thing of chance? and that the sovereignty of God should be virtually denied, by upholding 'corrupted nature's deformed darling,' free-will? Is it a trifling matter that *you*, who so recently condemned revivals as the work of the Devil—*in t' you*, who so recently preached the discriminating grace of elec-

tion—that *you* a Presbyterian minister, should join hand in hand with an emissary of Satan in getting up a four-days meeting? Is it a trifling matter that *you* who once sowed?"

"But," said the Parson, interrupting him, "you forget that you slept five years since the!"

"Can the lapse of time, can *eternity*, change the truth of God into a lie?" The Deacon paused a moment, and continued: "Parson Jenkins, 'the kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field; but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat. An enemy hath done this.'

"You are severe, Deacon Comfort," said the Parson; "you should remember that I am not alone in the changes of which you speak. A majority of the Presbyterian Church have!"

"Is there not five thousand men in Israel who have not bowed the knee to Baal?" quickly inquired the Deacon: "did Elijah yield to the four-hundred and fifty false prophets? But enough of this. I have seen and heard in my waking hours, what I saw and heard in my Dream. The 'Institutes,' and 'Five Articles' have been taken away; and the popular cry now is, 'Free agency'; 'all may be saved who will.' Do you believe, Parson Jenkins, that it is possible for all men to be saved?"

"I do not," was the reply.

"What?" said the Deacon; "and yet declare that *all may be saved who will!* How am I to understand you?"

"Hearken!" replied the Parson, "and you will be satisfied that I am still a Calvinist. *All may be saved who will, but God has decreed that none but the elect can will to be saved.* Thus you perceive that it is not possible for all men to be saved, because it is not possible for all men to will to be saved.—Those only for whom Christ died can be saved; and that number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished!"

The Deacon was unspeakably astonished at this explanation. He knew not what to make of it.—He thought for a moment, and then inquired, "Does God offer salvation to all men? does he desire the salvation of all men?"

"I answer in the affirmative," said the Parson; "and will add, that the grace of God is free—it is extended to all men—but all men will not be saved."

"How do you make that appear? you are laying down the dangerous principles of the Universalians! Does God desire what he has not *purposed*? Does he offer salvation to all men, knowing and having determined from all eternity, that none but the elect can be saved? Does he extend his redeeming grace to those for whom Christ did not die? or has Christ died in vain?"

"You do not understand me," responded the Parson, who was evidently embarrassed; "I do not believe that the number of the elect can be either increased or diminished—but all may be saved who will—the grace of God is free—salvation is offered to all men—grace is extended to all men—but what effect can be produced by *the rains and dew* on barren sands and sterile rocks? Even so, the grace of God, though extended to the non-elect, cannot effect their salvation. They cannot *will* to be saved."

"Thus," said the Deacon with emphasis, "thus you make a hypocrite of the Almighty! You virtually charge him with approaching the sinner with a lie in his right hand!" Deacon Comfort paused a moment, and then continued his remarks. "Parson Jenkins," said he, "I bear you no ill will. I believe you have been deluded by the spirit of Anti-Christ, and I would fain be instrumental in deliver-

ing you from the snare of the Devil. Bear with me, then, for the sake of former fellowship in Christ.—Let me ask you this question; If none can be saved except those who *will* be saved, what will become of infants?"

"O I believe all infants will be saved," said the Parson. "Then you have denied the faith," responded the Deacon. "Our Confession of Faith, expressly declares, that 'ELECT infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit, who worketh when, and where, and how he pleaseth. So also are ALL OTHER ELECT persons OTHERS not elected cannot be saved! Election plainly implies non-election—and the phrase 'elect infants,' as plainly implies that there are infants who are *not* elected; and if you deny the damnation of these, you deny the faith. But," continued he, "I will not further argue you on these points. It is obvious that you cannot explain them, even to your own satisfaction. There must yet be some hidden cause for your Revival operations, including your union with Elder Simon Smith; and I beseech you, as in the presence of God, to make me acquainted with your motives for so doing, and with the object you had and still have in view.—And first let me ask you, why you have publicly declared that the grace of God is free, and that all may be saved who will?"

Parson Jenkins hesitated a moment, and then replied: "The times required it. Calvinism will not now be received in any other shape. We dare not now preach absolute election and reprobation. The people will not receive it."

"And is it so?" said the Deacon, "that the ministers of Christ must resort to carnal policy and craft, yea, that they must minister to the pride of 'cursed corrupted nature,' in order to make full proof of their ministry? How is the gold become dim!—How is the most fine gold changed? Go on, Parson Jenkins; let me hear the worst."

"You take this matter so much to heart, Deacon Comfort," said the parson, "that I scarcely know how to proceed. You are not aware of the changes that have taken place in the last five years. The Methodists began to gain ground in this neighborhood about the time you disappeared from among us.—Their Revivals and Camp-Meetings attracted public attention, and began to thin our church. One after another left us, until we saw plainly that we must either be entirely broken up, or join in the Revival measures. But a Revival could not be got up without 'free agency,' nor without an assurance that 'all may be saved who will.' So we kept the 'Decrees,' out of sight, and preached free agency. The people flocked to our meetings—Elder Smith attended them, and by my invitation he preached and otherwise assisted in the services. Revival followed Revival—our Church kept increasing—and the four-days meeting that closed yesterday has done much good."

During this explanation, Deacon Comfort could scarcely refrain from interrupting the Parson, in terms of the strongest reprehension. So soon as the Parson ceased, the Deacon exclaimed, "carnal policy! worldly craft! delusion of the Devil! Corrupted nature's deformed darling, 'free-will,' is eating at the vitals of the Church of Christ. But go on, Parson Jenkins; let me hear the whole."

"Deacon Comfort," said the Parson, "you are wanting in charity—but I allow the circumstances of the case in extenuation of your fault—I have but little more to say by way of explanation. The measures you have so much condemned were rendered necessary by the rapid progress of Universalian sentiments. You remember that I told you five

years ago, that this sect was gaining ground in M * * * * a. They continued to multiply, and have gone on increasing in numbers till the other meetings are nearly deserted. It was found necessary to get up Revivals to stop this insidious heresy, as well in other parts as in this neighborhood. So you perceive that, with the Methodists on one hand, and the Universalians on the other, we were in a strait betwixt two. What was to be done? we chose the least of two evils, and"—

"*Become hypocrites in the name of God*," said the Deacon, interrupting him: "yea, and you have proclaimed sentiments which strike at the sovereignty, and make a hypocrite of the Almighty! Ye have used carnal weapons in the warfare against Anti-Christ, and are yourselves enrolled with the enemies of Zion. Remember that Jesus pronounced an awful wo upon the hypocrites, as well as upon the open workers of iniquity. But I have done. I have wept, and must continue to weep, over the desolation that has come upon the land. I hear a voice saying unto me, 'Arise and depart, for this is not your rest; because it is polluted, it shall destroy you, even with a sore destruction.' I will gather my family, and depart to the land of my fathers.—There, in the peace and quietude of the church in the town of Saybrook, 'all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.' And there will I lay my bones with the generations of the faithful in Christ. Farewell. A. C. T.

THE PLEDGE—CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

In the Messenger of Aug. 17th, we advised our readers of a public pledge in the editorial columns of the Christian Intelligencer, (the Reformed Dutch paper in this city,) in relation to Br. Thomas' 213 Questions. By a reference to that article it will be seen that the pledge to furnish 213 "short, pithy and scriptural" Answers was not only given publicly, but was renewed to Br. Thomas himself, and that finally, after all these preliminary movements, they REFUSED to fulfill their own VOLUNTARY PROMISES. In the Intelligencer of August 24, we find the following ebullition of any thing, and every thing, save the mild and forbearing spirit of the christian. If the editors of the Intelligencer have need to preserve their pages from the "moral pollution of the 213 Questions," how much indulgence should we ask from our readers for laying before them the disgraceful ravings of men making such high pretensions to piety and virtue, as the editors of the Intelligencer. We need only present them in their own character and language, and the rational, of all classes, will duly estimate them.—How ought men, occupying such a station, to blush for their degradation in such a course.

There is no difficulty, say they, in answering "every one" of the Questions. They are the production of a *weak mind*, but of a *heart gigantic in wickedness!* "Weak" as they are, however, they appear to have made sad havoc with the temperament of our venerable Dutch friends. The whole vocabulary of the English language scarcely furnishes them with hard epithets enough to apply to Br. Thomas. Though young ourselves, we would still venture a word of advice to these dignitaries—*keep cool, gentlemen*—the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. A little more christian candor and kindness will secure you a greater share of public respect, if not the better of the argument. Men can hardly *improve* the cause of christianity, so long as they allow their *passions* to triumph; and the candid and reflecting will scarcely think your columns less polluted by the overflowing of gall from your

own irritable feelings, than by the "moral pollution" of the 213 Questions. As much as Br. Thomas may exceed "all the disciples of the *Paine* school," "in his ribaldry and contempt, of christianity," we sincerely trust he is too much of the christian, and *even of the gentleman*, to pattern after the example set him by the *Reverend and Lay Editors* of the Christian Intelligencer! But we will not prolong our observations. Here is the article itself, and our readers we doubt not will agree with us [that it is a strange article to originate with christian Editors, in a *Christian* paper. P.

THE 213 QUESTIONS.

We cannot inflict upon the christian ears of our readers, the 213 questions of the Unitarian Universalists. There is no difficulty in answering every one of them. They are the production of a weak mind, but of a heart gigantic in wickedness! He who could pen these questions has no faith in divine revelation: no accurate conceptions of the Almighty; no regard whatever to his holy and most venerable attributes; no just nor accurate idea of the nature of sin; no veneration for the Gospel plan of redemption: he mocks the holy Redeemer: and spurns, with contempt, the belief of his vicarious atonement. The writer of them demonstrates himself to be a cold-blooded infidel: exceeding in his ribaldry and contempt of Christianity, all the disciples of the *Paine* school. He has a match for his blasphemy, and hatred of God's holy word, only in *the person* of the man (we will not pollute our pages with his name,) who wrote the pitiful libel on God, and on human nature, call "ecce homo!"

We are guided solely by respect to the Christian feelings of our readers. We cannot justify ourselves by exhibiting the most revolting blasphemy simply for the purpose of exhibiting the gospel antidote! We cannot put in our columns, the essence of silliness and wickedness merely for the purpose of playing off the edge of the "Jerusalem blade" of the Holy Word! We said *silliness*—for one of the questions is actually this—"If there be a personal devil, who made him?" The author of this foolish question has not the wit, nor even the common sense to distinguish between the *essence & faculties* of a person, whom God made; and the *wicked actions* of that person, which it puts forth in voluntary wickedness. With such silliness who can consent to enter the arena in conflict? Again, his 57th question ridicules the idea of *sin being infinite*. Now did he possess any accurate views of philosophy and truth, he might know that *sin* is called infinite in the Bible, (see Job 22, 5.) because it is an evil in the human soul, that has a self-perpetuating power. The sinner dying impenitent, goes on to sin, and sin for ever and ever; hating God, and for ever hating him! For neither God, nor himself, nor any one ever will change his moral character and actions. Hence as the *evil for ever* perpetuates itself, even as long as God is holy and pure; so HE KEEPS HIMSELF OUT OF GOD'S PRESENCE; that is to say, OUT OF HEAVEN FOR EVER & EVER, even as long as God is pure and just: that is throughout all possible duration! And this can be affirmed of "one sin" and of "a million" of self perpetuating sins. Hence they are *infinite*, in the strictest scriptural, and philosophical sense. Here is another specimen of this half witted infidel: Question 14, "If God hates the sinner, does the sinner do wrong in hating God?" That is to say, "If spotless VIRTUE hates atrocious VICE; does AN ATROCIOUSLY VIOLENT MAN DO WRONG IN HATING VIRTUE?" With such contemptible silliness, what man of character will enter the lists of controversy? Take another specimen of his sheer ignorance, and malignity against the atonement of our Redeemer. Question 32, "If

“*God all mercy be a God unjust, would not a God all justice be a God unmerciful?*” That is, a magistrate who is “all justice,” orders the company of condemned pirates who had murdered hundreds, and who declare that if a liberty, they would hasten to murder as many more, to be forthwith executed. Therefore he is an *unmerciful judge!* But there is not silliness merely in this question; there is a virulent opposition to our Lord’s atonement in it. God our Father, in his love sent his only Son to satisfy divine justice for his people. Through this channel God glorifies his purity and justice; and displays at the same time his boundless mercy, to his church. All this is overlooked contemptuously by this Unitarian Universalist!

From this specimen, our readers must see that we cannot spread out on our pages, the blasphemy and revolting moral pollution of his “213 Questions” merely to show how easily they can be answered. What parent would hire half a dozen ruffians to stand up in the circle of his family and permit them to swear for half an hour; and utter all the blasphemies they could conceive; merely that the father might have an opportunity of pronouncing the third commandment; or of reading aloud “the swearer’s prayer,” after they had done! Surely the safest way would be, to read the third commandment and the swearer’s prayer again and again to his children; and dispense with the revolting blasphemy of the *hired blasphemers*; who would only pollute his children’s minds.

Card of Thanks.

As no name is mentioned in the above article, I take the liberty to say, that I am the “giant in wickedness” referred to. With many thanks to the Editors of the Intelligencer, for their christian courtesy, I beg leave to observe, that I shall take an early opportunity to notice this matter more particularly.

ABEL C. THOMAS.
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SUNDAY SCHOOLS—INDEPENDENCE.

Some very just observations under this head, by Dr. Peck, of the Herald and Watchman, published at Moutrose, Pa. will be found on our first page.—Whoever has been at all observant in the case, for a few years past, must have noticed the unwearied exertions of a certain class of persons to change the character of our national festivities. A disposition has been manifested to make every thing bend to their peculiar ideas of propriety, and to render them subservient to their notions of religion. The first attempt was to convert these days of national rejoicing, into seasons of religious meeting—(after the manner in which they worship their Deities,) thus causing every thing to present the general aspect of gloom and despondency, instead of one universal burst of joy and gratitude at a nation’s freedom and happiness. And we have been an eye witness of the most powerful efforts to effect this, directly in the face of the public proceedings of a town in the customary mode of celebration.

Now, it seems, other measures must be resorted to. The Sunday School influence must be brought to bear upon it. And here they can derive a double advantage. They can not only take advantage of every prejudice in favor of Sunday Schools, to swell influence in the measure, but they will be rear up the youth in a manner calculated to obliterate every recollection of the sufferings of our revolutionary period, and the freedom then secured us, by impressing upon their young and pliant minds the sectarian dogmas which are taught in these institutions. We are more and more satisfied of the necessity of watchfulness here. A hydra-headed monster is arising in our midst, and are we aware of it, a power may be obtained over us

that may be guided at their pleasure. When children, under the direction of canting zealots, are taught to reproach their parents, it is time for those worthy of the name of *freemen* to look about themselves. We have before asked the attention of Universalists to this subject. We repeat it. Look to your children. Examine the management of the Schools they may attend. If you are not satisfied of the strong sectarian character they sustain, furnish your children with books of your own selecting, which shall inculcate your own views, and ask the managers to instruct your sons or your daughters in them, and you will soon find they are either banished the school, or their situation will be rendered so unpleasant that they will of themselves withdraw.

We hope, therefore, the article in question may have an extensive reading, and that whoever may be satisfied of its truth and propriety, will not remain contented with his mere individual conviction, but will endeavor to arouse the attention of others throughout his circle of acquaintance. Pr-

Original.

SALT PORK AND THE PITCHFORK!

We have heard of numerous inventions of mankind to promulgate their religious views and to exterminate “*Heretics*,” but the following fact will serve to show that the “royal preacher” was not as wise as he was reputed to be, when he declared “there is no *new* thing under the sun.” Solomon did not live in our day it is remembered, or he would not probably have made such a remark:—But to my story. Somewhere within that region of country that lies between the waters of the Raritan and the Delaware, a *pious* member of the Methodist Church had a self-willed son, in years bordering on manhood—who had imbibed as the old man supposed the *soul destroying* error of Universal Salvation. Anxious to pluck his wandering though beloved boy “as a brand from the burning,” the Father sought counsel from his spiritual guides as to the course to be pursued in the emergency. It was accordingly agreed that several of the ministers should call on the old man to spend the day, and while there, the reprobate son was to be brought in and *reasoned* out of his *devilish* doctrines. On consideration of success, it is reported that the old man was to pay the clergy *ten pounds of salt pork* out of his meat tub! The meeting took place however as agreed upon—but without accomplishing the object, as the delinquent was one of those *Johnny Raw* characters, who knew a thing or two as well as the ministers. He rather beat out the whole *bevy ecclesiastic* in the argument which ensued.

Some little time afterward the Father and son were in the field together making hay—when the subject was resumed and the former attempted to do that himself which the clerical council had failed to bring about—viz: convince the son of his delusion. He argued and coaxed and threatened—but all in vain. The son resisted all the arguments, entreaties and threats with becoming firmness, and with so much success, that the old man’s patience was at length exhausted. He became vexed at his failure and as the last alternative snatched up his *pitchfork* and made after the obstinate “heretic” with a view to pin him with a more *pointed* argument than is usually allowed in theological controversies! The son however escaped—and yet lives at peace in the camp of his kindred patiently waiting another attack! The Father in the mean while doubtless trusting that time and experience will accomplish that which his *salt pork* and *steel pitchfork* have failed to effect! Oh! the potency of truth and Universalism!—

O. P. Q.

EXAMPLE.

How forcible is the influence of example.—How powerfully, yet often almost imperceptibly it induces to imitation. If the example presented is *evil* and *vicious*, it is of course injurious: sometimes less observable, but very often palpably and exceedingly so. Its effects are obvious in families, in societies, and neighborhoods; in public stations, and in domestic and social life; in worldly business and amusements, and in objects and concerns more immediately of a religious character. It is Solomon, we believe, who says, “one sinner destroyeth much good;” and he urgently admonishes that we “go not on in the way of evil men.” “If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.” And the Psalmist pronounceth blessed, “the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly; nor standeth in the way of sinners; and that stith not in the seat of the scornful.” By all of which and much more to the same purpose, we are earnestly and affectionately cautioned, to set no evil example ourselves, and to guard against its influence whenever exhibited by others.

Good example is peculiarly attractive and salutary. If it sometimes fails in its wonted influence, it is on account of perverse obstinacy, or invertebrate prejudice; but its *natural tendency* is to excite imitation, and to produce its like-ness in others. The apostle exhorts that we be “*followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises.*” Jesus says, learn of me, for I am meek and lowly, in heart”—and the consequence he assures us will be, “ye shall find rest to your souls.”

He hath left us an example, (says St. Peter,) that we should “follow his steps; who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth.”—In view of the persuasive and salutary influence of good example, Jesus said to his disciples, “Ye are the salt of the earth, ye are the light of the world, let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.” And with peculiar emphasis, the example of this *Father in heaven*, in his disposition and conduct toward mankind, is commanded to our imitation; and presented in the most endearing light. “Ye have heard (says our Savior,) that it hath been said, thou shall love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.” Why should we do so? What object is to be obtained by it? What benefit would accrue to us? Hear the explanation. “That ye may be the children of your father which is in heaven,” that ye may *resemble*, that ye may be *like* that great and perfect original of all goodness and happiness; and whose goodness is freely and liberally communicated to all—even to the most ungrateful and unworthy: “for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.”

Is not this very different from the character which we often hear ascribed to our *Father in heaven*, when he is represented as a Being of almighty, implacable, and eternal wrath and vengeance, towards a large portion of his own frail and erring offspring? “Shall mortal man be more just than God?” “Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?”—*Christian Pilot.*

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Just published and for sale at this office, a neat 18 mo. pamphlet of 36 closely printed pages, entitled, “*The Beauties of Arminio-Calvinism; or, the story of Deacon Caleb Comfort, to which is added the vision of Deacon Peter Pious.*” Price \$4 per 100, or 6 cents single.

THE GRAVE OF THE TWINS.

BY MISS J. H. KINNEY.

One winding sheet enveloped them,
One sunny grave was theirs,
One soft, green plot of siken grass
Receiv'd their mother's tears;
And lightly did the night wind breathe
Their sting place above,
A sif it feared to wake them from
Their sweet repose of love.

The rain came down, and forth there sprung,
One bright and early spring,
Two rose-buds on one slender stalk
And closely did they cling;
Yet never did they bloom there,
But all untimely shed
Their young leaves on that holy grave,
Meet emblems of the dead.

Religious Inquirer.

THE BOY'S LAST REQUEST.

"Half raised upon the dying couch, his head
Droop'd on his mother's bosom, like a bud
Which, broken from its parent stock, adheres
By some attenuate fibre. His thin hand
From 'neath the downy pillow drew a book,
And slowly press'd it to his bloodless lips.
'Mother, dear Mother, see your birth-day gift
Fresh and unsold. Yet have I kept your word,
And ere I slept each night, and every morn,
Did read its pages, with my simple prayer,
Until this sickness came.'

He paused; for breath
Came scantily, and with a toilsome strife;
'Brother or sister have I none, or else
I'd lay this Bible on their heart, and say
Come read it on my grave, among the flowers.
So you who gave must take it back again,
And love it for my sake.'

"My Son! My Son!"
Whispered the mourner, in that tender tone,
Which woman in her sternest agony
Commands to soothe the pang of those she loves:
"The soul! the soul! to whose charge yield you that?"
"To God who gave it"—So that gentle soul,
With a slight shudder, and a seraph smile,
Left the pale clay, for its Creator's arms."

THE SABBATH.

The morning dawns in silence. The light
thin clouds are tinged by the red rays of the rising sun. A translucent vapor from the enlightened sea, goes gracefully upward like the ancient
sacrifices of the east. It is the worship which
earth pays to Heaven.

No jarring sound yet breaks the stillness of
nature. The doors of the villagers are closed,
for the inmates are on their knees around the
family altar, and the humble prayer of the
pious laborer ascends like the morning incense.

The streets of the city are empty. No tumultuous din is heard in the spacious squares. The windows of the long rows of warehouses are barred. The weary horse stands quiet in his stall, and loud voices are no more heard in the market place. The citizens are preparing for the duties of this solemn service. It is the Sabbath day.

A heavy flood of light rolls in silence through the azure depths of heaven. Nothing can stop its irresistible current; the immensity of space is deluged with its overwhelming brightness. The dark, heavy clouds of night have rolled away beautifully before it. Their shadows are weak as the spirits of evil, before the spear of the mailed archangel. They retire in silence. So the delusion and error of the human understanding fled before the splendid illumination of the great Messenger of God.

Presently a heavy quick sound breaks the deep stillness. It is the peal of bells. Their loud tones reverberate through the valleys, and are re-echoed, with a thousand variations,

through the cliffs of the mountains, and the oaks of the ancient solitudes.

The dwellers in a thousand cottages and a thousand splendid mansions, start at the summons. The houses of God are filled with attentive worshippers. The prayers of the rich and the poor are mingled together, and ascend on the wings of devotion in sweet accordance to the acceptance of Heaven.

The soul of the good man is warmed, and the heart of the sinner is melted. The old man, leaning on his staff, feels himself in the presence of his Father, and grace descends on the hearts of the devout, like the consecrated drops which fall on the forehead of the infant.

The sun goes down in smiles. The soft breeze of evening, comes forth, like the voice of God in the garden. The words of the evening sacrifice are repeated in every dwelling. A tranquil serenity rests on each brow, peace dwells in every heart, and the pious traveller, through the journey of earth, feels that he is one Sabbath day's distance nearer to his home of rest in heaven.—*American Traveller.*

GLADNESS.

There are many faces which so long as you let them lie in their drowsy torpor, unshaken and unstirred, have a creamy softness and smoothness of aspect, until you half suspect them of being gentle; but if they catch the sound of a laugh, it acts on them like thunder, and they too turn sour. Yes, although one should hardly have expected it, there are such incarnate paradoxes as would rather see their fellow-creatures cry than smile. So far as this life is concerned, they seem to feel sure that every thing ought to be the exact reverse of what we look forward to in the next life. At least I have not yet heard of any among them, who has claimed to such a height of frenzy, as to condemn the evil spirits to joy and gladness, or to make the bliss of heaven, consist in wailing and gnashing of teeth. God, however, is not the arch misanthrope, in spite of what the raving ultra-Calvinist may assert; he who had that highest and dearest privilege of being admitted into the most intimate communion with the Son of God, while he dwelt on earth, has certified us of the contrary; he has made that blessed declaration, *God is love.*

But is there really any great harm in a jest? any base folly in mirth? any heinous sin in being happy? If so, then God is, what he has been blasphemously called, "the author of evil;" for he has filled the world with sources of joy; in his universe there is not a spot but is a bubbling spring of living gladness. Cannot a man be in earnest without wearing a perpetual frown? or is there less sincerity in nature during her playful gambols in spring, than during the stiffness and harshness of her wintry gloom? And is it then altogether impossible to take up one's abode in truth, and to let all sweet home-like feelings grow about it, and cluster around it, and to smile upon it, as on a kind father or mother, and to sport with it, and hold light and merry talk with it, as with a loved brother or sister, and to fondle it, and play with it, as with a child?

SHORT EXTRACTS.

Weak mortal! What need has the Deity of thy homage? Dost thou think that thou canst add any thing to his happiness or to his glory?—Thou mayest honor thyself by raising thy thoughts to the great author of thy being, but thou canst do nothing for him; he is too much above thy insignificance. Always bear in mind, that if any kind of worship be more acceptable to him than the rest, it must be that which proceeds from an honest heart. What matter, then, in what manner thou expressest thy sen-

timents? Does he not read them in thy mind? What matters it, in what garments, in what attitude, in what language thou addressest him in prayers? Is he like those kings of the earth, who reject the petition of their subjects, because they have been ignorant of or disgraced, some little formality? Pull not down the Almighty to thy own littleness, but believe that if one worship is more agreeable to him than another, he would have made it known to the whole world. Believe that he receives with the same goodness the wishes of the Mussulman, the Catholic, and the Indian; that he hears with the same kindness the prayers of the savage, who addresses him from the midst of a forest, as those of a pontiff, who wears the tiara.

When neighbors dwell together in peace, visit in friendship, converse for useful improvement or harmless amusement, take part in each other's prosperity and adversity, concur in government of their families, are candid to excuse and careful to conceal each other's trivial or accidental failings, studious to reform real or dangerous faults; when all abide in their own business, a blessing will attend their labors, and success will smile on their designs, their intercourse will be easy, pleasant and virtuous, and a foundation will be laid for the happiness of succeeding generations.

But if each is bound up in himself and looks with unfeeling indifference on all around him, or beholds his inferior with contempt, his superior with love; if every meeting is filled with impertinent or angry controversy, and every visit employed in taunting and backbiting; if neighbor delaines neighbor, and each watches for advantages against another; if every brother will utterly supplant, and every neighbor will walk with slanders, one had better seek a solitary lodging in the wilderness than dwell with such neighbors.—*Uni. Magazine.*

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